

At Easter

By Kate A. Bradley



I wonder if the anguished moon looked down
Through all that long last night
And buried in her scarred breast, lean and brown,
The memory of that sight!
I wonder if the uneasy birds awoke
As glowed that strange, great light
Which paled the purple east where morning broke,
And sang, inspired by God's own breath,
"There is no death! There is no death!"

There is no death, O hearts that throb in vain
With longing, pulsing tide,
Or in love's fullness, nigh akin to pain,
Unfearingly abide:
There is no death, O soul whom nigard fate
Has left unsatisfied.
The cycles swing and joy those lips await
Who oft have sung on earth in pain,
"I rise again! I rise again!"

No sacrifice, O self, can blot thee out,
Or satisfy the debt
Which binds thee to the usurper of doubt
With interest of regret!
Still is not life to even thee denied:
One way remaineth yet—
As was thy Christ, most thou be crucified.
But with those wounds in hands and feet,
E'en self finds resurrection sweet!

Rejoice, O soul whose work is just begun,
That all time lies before!
Rejoice, O heart whose treasures all have won
That dimmer, farther shore!
The stone that angels moved away that night
Was rolled from Heaven's door;
Awake and stand forth in hope's sudden light,
And sing as sang the birds that morn:
"There is no death, for life is born!"
—Detroit Free Press.

DOTTY'S EASTER THOUGHT.

Whenever I see Easter eggs
I wonder how they grew.
Because I know they are too fine
For any hen to do.
I think the bird that laid them must
Have been a cockatoo.

I've watched and watched our biddy hens
From morning until night;
I know just what I'm talking 'bout,
And that I'm truly right.
When I say all the eggs they lay
Are always just plain white.

The bird that lays the Easter ones
I'd dearly love to see;
It must seem like a box of palates
As sitting on the tree.
If I could find it, I would say:
"Please lay an egg for me."

THE RABBIT AND EASTER.

How the Little Animal Came to Be
Connected with the Celebration of the Day.

The part the hare plays in the celebration of Easter has nothing whatever to do with the resurrection of Christ. It is a survival of Teutonic folklore of unknown antiquity, and its religious connection is with nature-worship, and that phase of it in which the moon was a chief divinity. The hare became a symbol of the moon, for several reasons—because it comes out at night to feed; because the female carries her young for a month, representing the lunar cycle; because the young are born with their eyes open and were fabled never to close them, thus resembling the moon, "open-eyed watcher of the night"; in one way or another there grew up a fund of stories in which the connection of the hare, the lunar period and the paschal full moon, which fixes the date of Easter, developed so that it gave rise to many popular customs, in Germany, among the Scandinavian peoples and in England. The queerest bit of this folklore is that of the white hare, which the children are told comes into the house on Easter eve and leaves in corners eggs adorned in beautiful colors, which every good child may have. The egg was in religious legend from the oldest times a symbol of opening life and of immortality, and naturally of the resurrection, so here we have the people coupling the two. As for the rabbit, he is not the same as the European hare, but he is his nearest American congener, and other legends concerning the rabbit's foot and the full of the moon exist among the negroes of the south.

An Old Custom.

Easter has always been considered the chief festival of the Christian year. It is the sanctified symbolism of the wonderful resurrection of Christ; but it is also symbolic of the renewal of life in nature. Like many other customs, it is the perpetuation of an old usage, which became the rule in the Christian church in A. D. 68.



Easter blossoms in the sun,
Sweet and dainty, every one,
Like the dawn, so pure and bright,
Shedding forth their love and light.
Easter bells that ring and ring,
Making every glad heart sing,
Christ-like in their very sound,
Spreading truth and love around.
And again the story old
To the little ones is told,
Story old yet ever new,
Of our Christ—is told to you.
And so full His Grace we feel
As we sit at the altar kneel.
—A. A. M. D. W. in Brooklyn Eagle

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK
Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

(Copyright by J. R. Bowen.)
The Show Does Poor Business in the South—Pa Side Tracks a Circus Car Filled with Creditors—A Performance Given "for the Poor," Fills the Treasury—A Wild West Man Buncoes the Show.

Ge, but this show has been up against it the last week. We haven't made a paying stand anywhere. The show business is all right when you have to turn people away, or let them in on standing room. Then you can snap your fingers at fate, and drink foolish water out of four-dollar bottles of fizz that has the cork trained so it will pop out clear to the top of the tent, and make a noise that makes you think you own the earth, but



The Sacred Cow Chased Pa Up Into the Rafters of the Car.

when you strike the southern country where the white men have not sold their cotton and the negroes have not been paid for picking it, the audience looks like a political caucus in an off year, when there is nobody with money enough to stimulate the voters. When the audience is small, and half the people in attendance get in on bill-sticker's passes, and you can't pay the help regularly, but have to stand them off with promises, you are liable to have a strike any minute. The people you owe for hotel bills, and horse feed, and supplies, follow you from one town to another, threatening to attach the ticket wagon and levy on the animals. It takes diplomacy and unadulterated gall to run a show.

We are playing now to get back into the northern states, but we have to leave an animal of some kind in the hands of a sheriff every day, which has been all right so far, cause we have averted the sheriff's on to elephants that have corns so they are no good except to eat, one zebra that was made up by a painter, who painted stripes on a white mule, and one lion that was so old he will never sell at forced sale for enough to pay for the beef tea the sheriff will have to feed him.

When creditors in a town get too mad and threaten to attach things, we invite them to go along with us for a few days, and get their money when we strike a paying stand, and we agree to furnish them a Pullman car

for a month before, and after the performance at night the mayor and some prominent citizens waited on the management and asked when and where we were going to distribute the money to the deserving persons.

The managers appointed pa to stand off the committee. Pa said he had no need, in walking about the city, a beautiful park in the center of the town, and he told the committee that his idea was to have the deserving people gather at the park the next morning, which was Sunday, and wait there until the managers of the show could count the money, and prepare to distribute it, honestly and impartially, with the advice of the local committee. That seemed all right, and the committee notified the citizens to meet in the park at nine o'clock the next morning, and receive the money the citizens had so kindly contributed to such a noble cause, and they went away.

Our show has got out of a good many tight places, but we never got out of a town so quietly and unostentatiously as we got out of Memphis during that early Sunday morning.

There was not noise enough making getting our stuff to the train to wake up a policeman, and before daylight the different sections of the train had crossed the big bridge into Arkansas, and were on the way to the Indian Territory. Pa and the other managers were on the platform of the last car of the last section, as it pulled out



The Pony Was Off Like a Rabbit.

and all they can eat. That is rather tempting to country people, so we had a full car load of creditors with us for a week, and we gave them plenty to drink, so they had the time of their lives, but they didn't get their money. After going with us all through Georgia, they held an indignation meeting in the car, and between high balls and cheese sandwiches they got sleepy, and we side tracked their car in the woods at a station in Mississippi, where there was a post office, saw mill and a cotton gin. I guess they are there yet unless Mr. Pullman's lost car experts have found the car and driven them out with fire extinguishers.

Pa came pretty near being left in that car with the creditors in Mississippi. He was helping to entertain the guests, and jollying them up to believe they would get their money when we got to Memphis the next day, when he noticed the car had been side-tracked, and he knew that was the way we were going to dispose of the creditors. He thought some one would tell him when to get off, but he was sitting up with a landlady from some place in Georgia that we owed a lot of money for feeding the freaks, and she was threatening that if he didn't get her money she would have the heart's blood of some one. So pa was afraid to leave for fear she would stab him. But when the car stopped on the siding, pa took off his coat and hat and yawned, and said he guessed he would

turn in, and she let him go to his berth, and he got out on the platform, and just then the second section of our train came along, and stopped for water, and pa crawled into an animal car and laid down in the straw with the sacred cow. She bellowed all right cause the sacred bull, her husband, had been attached for debt at Vicksburg, but when pa got in the car in his shirt sleeves and humped his shoulders up on account of the cold, the cow thought maybe she had been unnecessarily alarmed, and may be pa was her husband.

So she quit bellowing, and laid down and chewed her cud till daylight. Then when she saw that pa was another person she got mad and chased him up into the rafters of the car, and he had to ride there until the train got to Memphis. The hands rescued pa, but he got away from the creditors all right.

We made a new lot of creditors at Memphis, and they proposed to go along with us, but we shook them off. Gee, but we made a killing in Memphis, and don't you forget it. We had handbills on all the wagons in the parade, telling the people that the performance would be given to deserving persons, in charity, and the intention was to use the money to pay off the hands. My, but how the people turned out. The tents were all full, and we had more money than we have

shoes, and that they would bet every cent they had on their ponies, and as they had just been paid their annuities by the government, they had money in piles, and we could get it all, if we had horses that were any good, and money to back them. His idea was to give out that owing to some accident we could not give an afternoon performance, and just get out the horses, and bet the Indians to a standstill, and win all their money, and give a free evening show, as a sort of consolation to the Indians.

Well, it looked good to pa, and he talked to the other managers, and the result was when we got to Guthrie we had made up our minds that as money was what we were after, the easiest way was to get it by racing our horses.

So, when we got settled in Guthrie, and got the tent up, we announced that part of the show was in a wreck down the road in Arkansas, and we should have to abandon the afternoon performance, but in the meantime there would be a little horse racing on the side, if anybody in Oklahoma had any horses they thought could run some.

Well, I thought there were Indians and ponies and squaws enough before the announcement was made, but in less than two hours more than a thousand ponies were being brought in, and we got our chariot racers, and our bareback hippodrome horses, and they were being led around and admired, and we all laughed at the little runts of Indian ponies, and the Indians got mad and backed their ponies.

Pretty soon the races began in the vacant lot just outside the town. The old showman we had brought up from Memphis was made master of ceremonies, cause he could talk Choctaw, and Comanche, and other Indian jargon, and things got busy. The Indians wouldn't run their ponies more than an eighth of a mile, or a quarter, and we consented, because the poor little things didn't look as though they could run a block, they were so thin, and sleepy. Pa was afraid the humane society would have us arrested for cruelty to animals. All our fellows were provided with money, and they flashed rolls of bills in the faces of the Indians, and finally Mr. Indian would reach down under his clothes and pull out a roll, and wet his thumb and peel off big bills, and before we knew it we were investing a fortune in the racing game. Then the racing began, and the horses were sent off at the drop of a hat, or the firing of a pistol.

I was given some money to bet with the little Indians, cause pa said we wanted to get every dollar in the tribe, for if we didn't get it the Indians would spend it for fire water. The first race was between one of our best runners and a sleepy little spotted pony, and when the hat was dropped the pony made a few jumps and was off like a rabbit, and our horse couldn't see him for the dust, and our horse was distanced. The next race resulted the same, and all day long we never won a race, and the Indians took our money and put it in their pants and never smiled. The old showman we had befriended, seemed crushed.

When our money was nearly all gone to the confounded Indians, and the sun was going down, he went up to pa and said: "Uncle, what does this all mean. I thought your horses could run."

Pa said: "Darnfo, I never was no horse racer, now."

When our money was all gone, and our horses were nearly dead from fatigue, the managers all got together in the big tent for a consultation on finances, and it was the saddest sight I ever saw. Pa tried to be cheerful, and he said: "Well, we will give the evening performance, and when the Indians are all in the tent, we can turn out the lights and turn the boys loose on them, and maybe they will find some of the money in their breech cloths."

"You don't mean to rob them, do you?" said the boss canvassman, and pa said: "No, no; far from it. We will borrow it of them. It is no harm to borrow from an Indian."

Just then the treasurer came in with an empty tin box he had carried the money out in, and he said there would be no use of having an evening performance, cause the Indians had taken their ponies and squaws and money and gone towards the setting sun, and pa said: "Where is that old showman?" and the treasurer said: "He has gone with them. He is their legal adviser, and went down to Memphis to rope us in to the game."

Offered a Reward.
Mrs. Grumpp—Did you advertise for poor, dear, little Fido?
Mr. Grumpp—Yes.
"Did you give a full description of him?"
"Yes."
"And did you say our address was on his silver collar?"
"Yes."
"And did you offer a reward?"
"Yes."
"What did you offer?"
"I said if the finder would return the collar he might keep the dog."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Flourishing Industry.
Friend—How are you getting along now?
Sharpfello—First rate. Making money hand over fist.
"Indeed! You told me some time ago that your trade no longer paid living wages."
"Well, it doesn't."
"Then how do you make so much money?"
"Teaching others my trade."—N. Y. Weekly.

Vermont's Biggest Tree.
Probably the largest tree in Vermont, if not in New England, stands in the doorway of Jerry Richard, in the northeast part of the town of Chester. The tree measures 23½ feet in circumference two feet from the ground, and the branches spread from side to side about 130 feet. There are seven limbs which measure two and one-half feet through, and the tree is estimated by woodchoppers to contain from 15 to 20 cords of wood.

Writing for Cash.
"What are money orders, pa?"
"Your mother's letters to me when she is on a vacation."—Judge.

SAVED BABY LYON'S LIFE.

Awful Slight from That Dreadful Complaint, Infantile Eczema—Mother Praises Cuticura Remedies.

"Our baby had that dreadful complaint, Infantile Eczema, which afflicted him for several months, commencing at the top of his head, and at last covering his whole body. His sufferings were untold, and constant misery in fact; there was nothing we would not have done to give him relief. We finally procured a full set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about three or four days he began to show a brighter spirit and readily laughed, for the first time in a year. In about ninety days he was fully recovered. Praise for the Cuticura Remedies has always been our greatest pleasure, and there is nothing too good that we could say in their favor, for they certainly saved our baby's life, for he was the most awful sight I ever beheld, prior to the treatment of the Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Mabelle Lyon, 3826 Appleton Ave., Parsons, Kan., July 18, 1905."

ONE ON "FIGHTING JOE."

And He Quietly Paid for the Extra Work He Made as Representative.

The late Gen. Joseph Wheeler, when a representative in congress, was traveling in a buggy along a country road in his district in Alabama. He overtook a mail carrier groaning under the weight of an enormous sack of stuff, and invited the man to take a seat beside him. "Why don't you have a horse?" said the general. "I have had three at different times," replied the carrier, "but they died. The work was too heavy." "You mean that the burden of the mails was too great?" "Yes, that's just it. There's a fool representative from this district who sends out such a lot of truck that the mail is loaded all the time. This bag is full of such stuff; books and such." "How much money would you buy you a horse?" asked the general, feeling in his pocket. "Horses are high now," answered the carrier. "I couldn't get a good one for less than \$30." Fighting Joe counted out \$30. "That'll buy your horse," he said. The man gazed upon the money in astonishment, and could not find a word to say before the general drove off.

AN UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

They Were All Creditors and Not One Ever Got a Cent Due Them.

"Did you ever sit down at a table where there were 13?" asked a man of his companion in a railway carriage. "Once," replied the latter. "Well, you never observed that any bad luck followed it, did you?" "Why, yes. Bad luck for most of the 13." "Any of them die?" "Not that I know of. Never heard of any of them dying." "Not even a virtuals to go round?" queried the other. "Who's talking about virtuals? There wasn't any virtuals." "Thought you said you sat down to a table where there were 13 persons." "That's what I said. The table was in a lawyer's office. It was a meeting of my creditors. There were 12 of them. I was the other man." There was a long pause, and then the first speaker inquired: "In what way did the meeting prove unlucky, may I ask?" "None of them ever got a cent from me," answered the other, heaving a deep sigh as he left the carriage.

To Cuba, Every Friday, the Havana Limited.

A swell Pullman train of dining car, club car with smoking room, barber shop and bath room, with lavatory and valet in attendance; stateroom, drawing room and observation sleeping cars, leaves St. Louis at 9:45 P. M. via the Mobile and Ohio R. R., and arrives at the steamship docks at Mobile at 3:40 P. M. Saturdays. On arrival of the Havana Limited, the palatial nineteen-knot, twin-screw S. S. "Prince George" sails, and passes into the harbor of Havana at sunrise Mondays.

Returning, the S. S. "Prince George" sails from Havana at 5:00 P. M. Wednesdays, arriving at Mobile at daylight Fridays, and the Havana Limited leaves the steamship docks at 9:40 A. M. and arrives at St. Louis Saturday mornings. A delightful week's outing—inexpensive and full of interest. Low rate excursion tickets good for six months. Call on your home Agent or write to Mr. Bell, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

Foot in It Again.

"So she's engaged, eh? That merely goes to prove the truth of what I have always contended—that, no matter how plain-looking a girl may be, there is a mate for her somewhere in the wide world. Whom is she to marry?" "Me!"—Chicago Journal.

Substantial Reason.

The Father—But why do you want to go halfway across the continent to attend college when we have one just as good right here at home?
The Son—He cannot tell a lie, father. I don't like the yell of our home institution.—Chicago Daily News.

No More for Him.

Tomson—I picked up some wonderful antiques while I was in Europe. I'm going to speak to old Priceless about them.
Johns—Don't! He married one while you were abroad, and got awfully sold. He's sour on antiques!—Detroit Free Press.

During Devotions.

Stella—How do you know she is old-fashioned?
Bella—She occupies the sermon in planning a gown instead of an auto.—N. Y. Sun.

Not Receiving Callers.

Jailer—Sir, there's a reporter outside wants to interview you.
Noted Prisoner—Tell him I'm not in.—Le Journal.

A good many people find it easier to sing "I am thine, O Lord," when they have left their purses at home in another pocket.—Chicago Tribune.

Every time a boy has to wait while his elders dine he declares that when he is a man he will have a table big enough for all.

"Indeed," said the manufacturer, relates Judge. "That is most interesting. What is your invention?"

Lewis' Single Binder straight 50 cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The fellow who says he merely drinks to forget, never forgets to drink.

INDIAN PROVERBS.

The coward shoots with shut eyes.
Small things talk loud to the Indian's eyes.
No Indian ever sold his daughter for a name.
When a fox walks lame old rabbit jumps.
The paleface's arm is longer than his word.
A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.
There is nothing so eloquent as a rattlesnake's tail.
The Indian scalps his enemy; the paleface skins his friends.
There will be hungry palefaces so long as there is any Indian land to swallow.
When a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit thunders and the evil one laughs.
There are three things it takes a strong man to hold: A young warrior, a wild horse and a handsome squaw.

Doctor Brigham Says

MANY PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The wonderful power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not because it is a stimulant, not because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and reconstructive ever discovered to act directly upon the generative organs, positively curing disease and restoring health and vigor.

Marvelous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have witnessed cures and physicians who have recognized the virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are fair enough to give credit where it is due.

If physicians dared to be frank and open, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female ills, as they know by experience it can be relied upon to effect a cure. The following letter proves it.

Dr. S. C. Brigham, of 4 Brigham Park, Eltham, Mass., writes:

"I give my great pleasure to say that I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very efficacious, and often prescribe it in my practice for female difficulties. My oldest daughter found it very beneficial for female troubles some time ago, and my youngest daughter is now taking it for a female weakness, and is surely gaining in health and strength."

"I freely advocate it as a most reliable specific in all diseases to which women are subject, and give it honest endorsement."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, bloating (or flatulence), weakness of organs, displacements, inflammation, or ulceration, can be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If advice is needed write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. No other living person has had the benefit of a wider experience in treating female ills. She has guided thousands to health. Every suffering woman should ask for and follow her advice if she wants to be strong and well.

CURES INDIGESTION

When what you eat makes you uncomfortable it is doing you very little good beyond barely keeping you alive. Digestive tablets are worse than useless, for they will in time deprive the stomach of all power to digest food. The stomach must be toned up—strengthened. The herb tonic-laxative,

Lane's Family Medicine

will do the work quickly and pleasantly. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dizziness, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pains in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Don't Get Wet!

TOWER'S SLICKERS will keep you dry as nothing else will, because they are the product of the best materials and seventy years' experience in manufacturing.

A. J. TOWER CO. Boston, U.S.A.

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